

## CHARIVARIA.

Now that PRINCE FERDINAND has been made a Tsar, news reaches us of unrest in Monaco, whose Prince, it is rumoured, is about to proclaim himself a Kaiser.

Meanwhile we hear that the firm attitude of our Government in the crisis has alienated a number of its own side, who hold that a Liberal Government ought to give away everything which doesn't belong to its supporters.

In sporting circles regret is expressed at the improbability of a fight, for, if there is anything in a name, the Young Turks and the little Bulgar boys should have been well-matched opponents.

When the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER arrived at Swansea, a Suffragette approached him, and began, "Will you tell Mr. ASQUITH—" "Tell Mr. ASQUITH what you want to yourself," replied Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, as he drove off. Mr. ASQUITH, not unnaturally, thinks that the advice given by his colleague was disloyal and inconsiderate.

"There has not been any period in the last ten or fifteen years," says Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, "in which our relations with Germany have been on a firmer and more friendly footing than they are to-day." This is indeed a cruel reflection on the last ten or fifteen years.

General BADEN-POWELL, on the occasion of his inspection of the boy scouts who are encamped inside a Holborn emporium, evinced much interest in their camp cooking, of which he tasted some samples. The boys, we hear, were delighted at this

fresh exhibition of pluck by the Hero of Mafeking.

Miss MAUD ALLAN is said to have expressed the opinion that the reason why so many persons were prostrated by the recent heat is because they did not dress suitably.

*À propos* we are requested to state that the "strip-tickets" which are

"Modern life is so crowded and so strenuous," says *The Estates Gazette*, "that few of those who use the Mart have leisure to reflect upon the romantic side of the business passing around them." We think our contemporary is mistaken. No one who listens to an auctioneer striving to sell a property can fail to be struck by the amount of romancing that goes on at the Auction Mart.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON has started a savings bank in connection with his business. Each deposit book bears the inscription "Dinna Forget." Surely a more appropriate motto would be "Forget Dinna but Remember Tea."

The proprietor of a hair-dressing saloon in Beak Street is, *The Express* informs us, a clever composer as well as an excellent barber, and "his saloon is largely patronised by musicians who are his friends as well as his customers." A friendship between a long-haired musician and a barber must surely be unique!

According to *The Daily Mail* a number of athletics are now going in for dancing in order to gain quickness and strength. As a matter of fact for some time past we have suspected the presence of wrestlers and sprinters and Rugby forwards in the ball-room.

"I have the strength of mind to walk about London in the daytime in a collar which is not white," brags Mr. BERNARD SHAW. Judged by this standard our Metropolis is rich in heroes.

## A Crowded Evening.

"To-night, at eight precisely, last 3 performances of the Corsican Brothers."—*Daily Telegraph*.



## A SPORTING OFFER.

Applicant for Old Age Pension. "LOOK 'E THEN, MISTER, OI TELL 'E WOT 'TIS --IF THEY LOIKES TO START PAYIN' ME NEOW, OI BE WILLIN' TO TAAKE FOWER SHILLIN' A WEEK INSTEAD OF FOIVE IN JANUARY--THERE NEOW!"

being issued by some of the Tube Railways do not admit one to the Palace Theatre.

M. REICHEL has been expressing his thanks to Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT for taking him on an aeroplane trip. In M. REICHEL's own words, "Ravished, fascinated, I threw myself on WRIGHT's neck; clic, clac—I kissed him squarely." We now fully appreciate Mr. WRIGHT's objection to the snap-shooter.

## BACK TO THE HOUSE.

*Being the confession of an obscure Radical heckler.*

[Next to the warlike attitude of Servia, the opening of the Autumn Session of the Mother of Parliaments, with its prospect of ill-timed questions on delicate points of diplomacy, is regarded as offering the gravest menace to the peace of Europe.]

LET others use intemperate words  
Touching the Fates that intervene  
To spoil the sport of missing birds  
Or hacking divots through the green;  
For me, I do not share their dolour;  
At Duty's summons, stern and clear,  
I take delight (with LEWIS WALLER)  
To bellow, "I am here!"

Living at home in humble ways  
(My natural gifts are most obscure),  
I long to catch the public gaze  
And be a sort of cynosure;  
But only when the House is seated  
(That's why I loathe a long recess)  
I get to have my name repeated  
And figure in the Press.

Daily I make it my concern  
To catechise the powers that be,  
Till every Minister in turn  
Has to explain himself to me;  
But most I shine, as now, when Europe  
Is plucking Turkey to the bone;  
'Tis then I nurse a strong and sure hope  
Of being better known.

Foreign affairs are my preserve.  
When there's a show to give away,  
I try to shake the triple nerve  
That steels the heart of EDWARD GREY;  
At England's watcher on his eyrie,  
Guarding her claims with jealous eye,  
I love to shoot a shattering query  
And make his feathers fly.

When statesmanship is put to proof  
And half the earth is seeing red,  
I joy to plunk my ponderous hoof  
Where diplomats are loath to tread;  
And when my hobnails cease to clatter,  
Should he survive my labour's close,  
No *Elegy* of GREY'S will flatter  
The scene of my repose.

O. S.

## The Great Rat Question.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S NEW EPIGRAM.

A contemporary reports Mr. SHAW as having made the following observation in the course of a lecture from the pulpit of the City Temple:—

"The man who believes in rat for art's sake is a fool."

Mr. SHAW'S humour grows better and better.

THE report of the slump in medical students has caused considerable uneasiness among dispensing chemists and undertakers. The decline is largely ascribed to the increased dissemination of medical knowledge in the Press. Both Dr. SALEEBY and *The Daily Mail* medical man are prepared to accept each for himself the chief responsibility for the new condition of things.

## DISCURSIONS.

THE LETTER.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country House, as before. Time, 6.45 p.m. He has just come in from shooting and is alone in the room. After warming himself at the fire he approaches his writing-table. He takes up an addressed envelope containing a letter.*

*He (to himself, in surprise and indignation).* Well, I'm dashed. She's forgotten to take the letter. That finishes any chance of getting a game with TOM HARGRAVES on Saturday. However, I've got her this time. (*A step is heard approaching the door.*) Here she is. I'll play cunning. (*He pockets the letter.*)

*She enters all smiles.*

*She.* Oh, you're back, are you? Had a good day?

*He.* Not so bad. Thirty-eight brace and a few hares and rabbits. I've brought home three brace.

*She.* Yes, I saw them in the hall.

*He.* Then you must have known I was back.

*She.* Yes, I half guessed that my very own had returned.

*He.* Then why did you say, "Oh, you're back, are you?"

*She.* Why shouldn't I?

*He.* Well, if you knew—

*She.* I didn't say I knew. I said I half guessed. And then when I saw you—no, I mean when I beheld the splendour of your face—is that TENNYSON or you, CHARLES?—anyhow, when I came into the room and found you there safe and sound I was too agitated to guess the other half, and I just asked you so as to make sure. See? And there's one more thing I'm going to say—CHARLES, I will say it; you can't stop me—and it's this; it isn't at all nice of you to lay really clever traps like that for a poor weak woman. No, it isn't nice.

*He.* Well, but—

*She.* Not another word. You've been a monster.

*He.* But—

*She.* Yes, you've behaved like a monster, a male monster in horrible gaiters and great muddy hobnailed boots; and you've behaved like that to a poor woman whose only fault—(*She affects to break down, turns her head away and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.*)

*He (with a pounce).* That's one of my handkerchiefs.

*She (still dabbing).* Is it?

*He.* Haven't you got any of your own?

*She (to the ceiling).* Listen to him. Here's a man who's simply rolling in handkerchiefs, and he grudges me one of all his thousands. (*To him.*) CHARLES, have I been mistaken in you all these years? (*With a swift change.*) Now let's talk of something else.

*He.* By the way, I suppose you took that letter?

*She (blankly).* Letter? What letter?

*He.* The letter I wrote to TOM HARGRAVES, asking him to play golf on Saturday. You said you were going that way in the pony-trap and you'd drop it at the house.

*She (evasively).* Oh, that letter. I—

*He (warming to his work).* Yes, it was most important he should have it, because he said if he didn't hear from me he'd take on HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

*She.* Yes, yes, I remember; you told me all about it.

*He (inexorably).* Of course you took it.

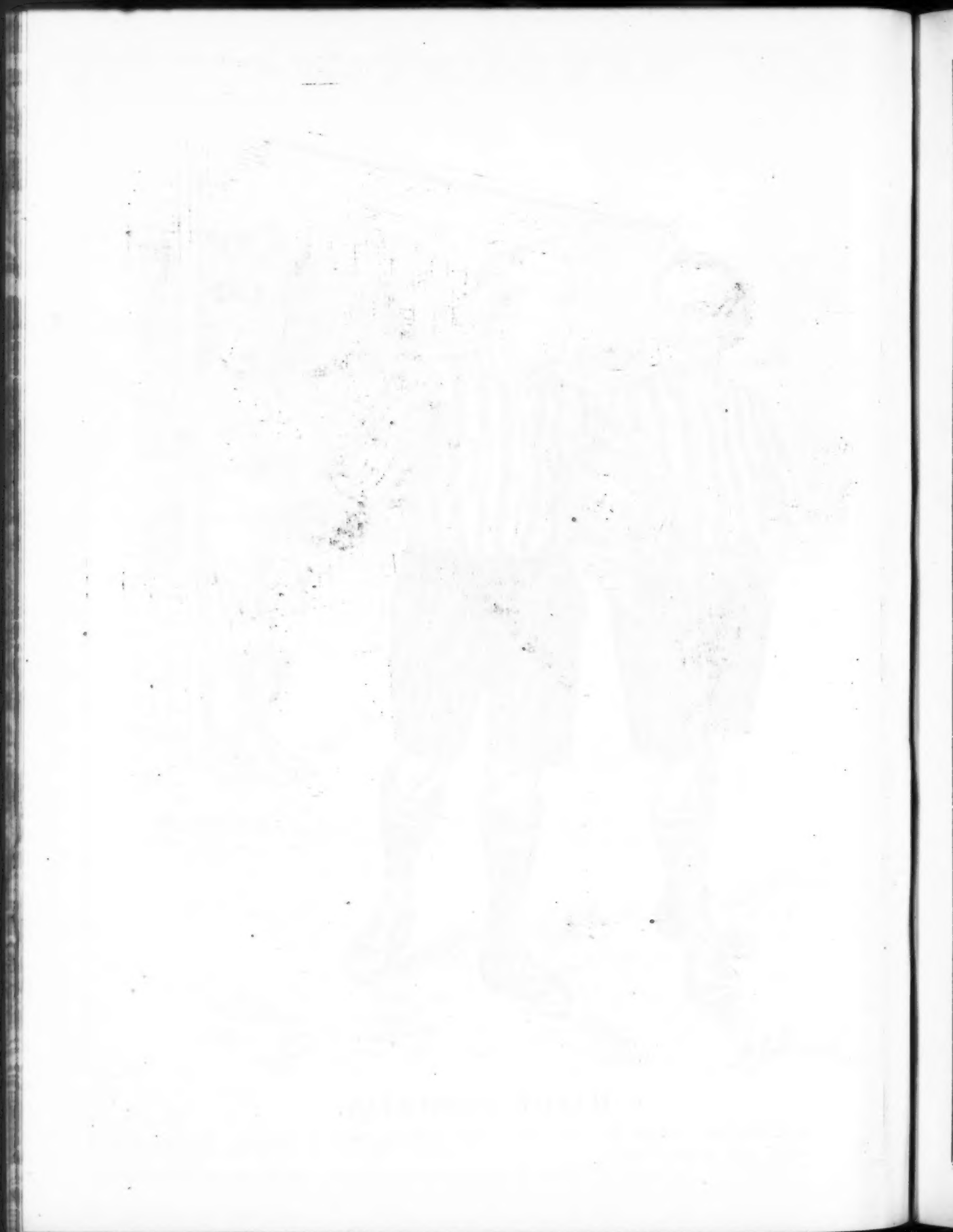
*She (after a furtive look at the writing-table).* Well, it isn't where you left it, is it?

*He.* No, it isn't.



### A HANDY CUSTODIAN.

ASQUITH. "YES, WE OUGHT TO GET PAST THE OTHERS PRETTY EASILY. BUT THAT'S THE FELLOW I'M AFRAID OF."







Mother. "WELL, DARLING, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE PARTY, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE BISHOP?"

Effie. "OH, IT WAS DELIGHTFUL, AND THE BISHOP WAS AS KIND AS KIND-- BUT, OH, MUMMY, THE BRAINS OF A KITTEN!"

She. Well, then I suppose somebody *must* have taken it.

He. I agree.

She. Why not imagine it was me—sorry, CHARLES—I mean, why not imagine it was I?

He (producing the letter from his pocket and handing it to her). Because here it is.

She (inspecting it). So it is. What a queer thing. Do men often do that, CHARLES?

He. Do what?

She (gaily). Ask their wives to deliver a letter and then carry it off in their own pockets?

He. I didn't.

She. CHARLES, how can you? I saw you with my own eyes take it out a moment ago.

He. But I found it on the table here when I came in.

She. Now, CHARLES, that's really naughty. You know you've been carrying it about with you all day long. You really mustn't be such a funny forgetful bear any more.

He (in despair). Then you admit you didn't take it.

She (calmly). Admit it? I never dreamt of denying it. How could I take it when you'd got it tucked away in your dear old pocket. (She looks at the envelope.) Such a nicely written address too. (Reads.) "T. HARGRAVES, Esquire, The Larches, Breedon Hollow, Bucks."

It's all quite complete. But I'm not sure I like the way you make your B's, CHARLES. They're too like R's. Now I always say—

He. You've spoilt my Saturday.

She. No, CHARLES, I don't say that—never dreamt of it.

He (persisting). But you *have* spoilt it.

She. How?

He. By not taking the letter. Tom told me he'd take HARRY COLLINGWOOD on if he didn't hear from me this morning.

She. Did he? Well he told *me* that he couldn't play on Saturday, anyhow, because he'd got to go to London.

He (tumbling off his perch). He told you that? When?

She. This morning, just after you'd gone. He came on his bicycle.

He. Why didn't you tell me?

She. I have told you.

He. But—

She. Never mind your old golf. You'll be able to take baby out in his perambulator. (Curtain.)

"Tell all my friends and admirers that I was overwhelmed with joy at the reception I got on my departure."—Mr. Harry Lauder.

But it is as nothing to the send-off he will get when he arrives.

#### Municipal Candour.

"SOUTHSEA.—Boating and bathing are still followed with ardour, while the bad performances on the promenades and both piers attract large audiences."—Daily Express.

## WILLIAM'S WIFE.

My friend WILLIAM has just been in to see me. It seems that he has had a very bad day in the City owing to tea being extremely depressed. I think it was tea. WILLIAM expected it to remain firm with a slight upward tendency, and consequently became a bull about tea. Or is it a bear? Anyhow a silly ass, apparently.

"But I thought you didn't like tea," I said, when he had explained it all. "Why did you get such a lot?"

"Look here," said WILLIAM, "if you say the word 'tea' to me again, I'll—"

"But I want to help. I don't mind taking one pound, if— Oh, all right. I'm sorry. Is that the evening paper? May I look at it?"

WILLIAM handed me the confounded thing, and got up to go.

"There's nothing in the Stop-Press news about—er—coffee," I said. "Oh, I say, this is rather interesting. WILLIAM, how did you first meet your wife? Oh, but I forgot, you aren't married. Well, how would you—"

He slammed the door and went out. And now I am left with *The Evening News* in my hand to wonder about WILLIAM's wife.

It is like this. *The Evening News* is inviting everybody to write up and say how he met his wife (or if a woman, husband); and there is a prize of five guineas for the best letter. I have been reading some of the letters, and envying the dears who wrote them. The romance of that first encounter! I wonder if I—I mean WILLIAM—

This was how JAMES SPARROW first met his wife:

He was cycling along a country lane in Herefordshire when he overtook a lady who had just had a puncture. He dismounted, raised his hat, and asked if he might be of any assistance. In a little while they were both leaning over a little stream which rippled by the wayside, looking for bubbles in the inner tube; and when JAMES saw her pretty arms (bare to the elbow) gleaming through the water, he swore that—

As JAMES points out, the fact that they both had the same make of machine was another bond between them. I do hope he gets the five guineas.

This was how MICHAEL PUPP first met his wife:

Every evening he got in at Cannon Street and got out at Wimbledon; and every evening she got in at Sloane Square and got out at Putney. MICHAEL used to take the seat nearest the door, and at Sloane Square he would jump up and say, "Won't you sit down here? I'd much rather stand." After a month they used to smile when he said this (I love her for her backwardness—twenty-

four times!); and after two months he told her that the carriages on that line were rather crowded in the evening. One night a woman with a baby got in at Sloane Square too, and MICHAEL gave his seat up to her instead. JESSIE was so touched by this that she went down to Wimbledon by mistake, and was introduced to his mother at the station. . . .

They were married a year later. The dears—I hope they get the five guineas.

This is how HORATIO ANNESLEY met his first wife:

He went to a garden-party, and his hostess said, "May I introduce you to Miss MUMM?"

I don't think much of that.

I wonder how I—that is to say, I wonder how WILLIAM will meet his wife. Romantically, I hope. He mustn't spend all his time with the groceries; let us give him one breathless encounter, at any rate. I have meditated several openings for him.

"Dear Sir,—I was walking along Brighton Pier after a heavy tea one day, during the recent gale, when I heard a sudden shriek. Hastening to the side I observed the most beautiful girl I had ever seen struggling in the water. Without a moment's hesitation I threw off my coat and dived to the rescue. . . ."

That's all right, you know, because stockbrokers are always walking to Brighton.

Or this:

"Sir,—A year ago I had one night a curious vision. Two or three cups of strong tea had kept me awake for some hours, but at last I dropped off to sleep, and immediately began to dream. In my dream I saw a cathedral beautifully decorated. It was full of people, but one man, who stood up in the front and kept moving restlessly about, attracted my attention particularly. Suddenly he turned round, and to my astonishment I recognised myself. Just then the organ pealed out, and I noticed a procession coming up the aisle. Following the choir and clergy came one whom I can only describe as the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Six months later. . . ."

I am sure that would get a prize.

Why I want WILLIAM to go in for this competition (even though he is not married) is because he has had such a rotten time lately in the tea department, and I think the five guineas would help him. I don't know how many tons of tea he has got on his hands, but you could get several stone for five guineas, and that would be something towards it.

But if WILLIAM does go in for it (and I expect he will, now that he has given up anagrams) he will do it in his own way. I can see his letter as plainly as I can see anything:—

"To the Editor of *The Evening News*.  
Dear Sir,—I first met my wife in church. Of course I had met her several times before that, but she wasn't my wife then."

Or even this:

"Dear Sir,—I was introduced to my wife by a man who was a great friend of mine. Who was a great friend of mine. P.S.—Send the five guineas to my office address."

And I am bound to admit that that sort of thing will probably get the prize.

Well, I don't think I shall go in for it myself. Of course I couldn't, truthfully. But all the same, I have been wondering to-day how . . .

I haven't got a bicycle, you know . . . and I never got down to Wimbledon.

Of course it might be quite unromantic, just like HORATIO; only . . .

By the way, I forgot to mention that the writer of every printed letter is presented with a pound of tea. I am afraid that will annoy WILLIAM rather. A. A. M.

## COUNTRY HOUSE HINTS.

BY LADY WEE KENDER

(Contributor to *The World and his Wife*).

I AM sure that all you dear folk who read *The World and his Wife* will like to know how we smart people behave in country houses. It is not likely that you will ever be asked yourselves; but there is no reading so alluring as that about the habits of persons of a higher social grade than one's own. Listen, then.

For one thing you must be a good shot. Most of us can now bring down our partridges and pheasants every time. The men do not like it if we miss, and, as you perhaps know, everything is now done to please the men. A woman who is not a dead shot had better stay at home; she will get no mercy from the men. But a woman who is a dead shot does not ask mercy. She takes her lot with the rest just as it comes. The smartest women all shoot well.

You must take three times as many frocks as the number of days for which you stay. Thus if you are there a week, you will want twenty-one in all, since the men do not like the women to wear the same thing again. You will want seven shooting costumes, or, if you don't shoot, seven tailor-mades for shooting-lunches, seven tea-gowns, and seven evening gowns. Throw in a few more in case of anything special.

It has become the custom with many hosts and hostesses to invite husbands and wives separately to their shooting-parties, as each is supposed to shine best when "on

their own," and not in each other's company; indeed, an up-to-date couple often play the part of *Bor* and *Cox* as regards their country-house visits. Then, if a married man is both a good shot and a "good fellow," he is safe to be passed on from house to house through the entire season. And his wife, if pretty and popular, will get her own share of amusing invitations. Girls, with one or two exceptions, are at a discount in smart country houses. They are not rich enough for *Bridge*, and they put a restriction on funny stories. The best guests are the most seasoned ones.

As to tips. The rule is a fiver to the head-keeper if you stay a week. For a good day over partridges, a sovereign; for a good day with pheasants, £2. If you don't shoot it is not necessary to tip the keeper; but an open hand is no loser in one's friends' houses. Remember you are rarely there out of friendship, but because you have certain desirable qualities. Butlers expect gold or paper. Never ask a menial for change. It is unusual to send for the cook: the best way is to leave a sovereign at the bottom of the soup-plate. You may tip your host if you are very flush. It is not expected, but will not be resented.

#### NEW ACADEMICS.

[A course in Domestic Economy has just been inaugurated at King's College, Women's Department, University of London.]

THERE are who desiderate Girton

And a first in a tripos; there are  
Who painfully seek  
To assimilate Greek

On the classical banks of the Cher;  
There are, or there is (to be certain),  
Who thinks that these haunts  
should be shunned,

And who wishes that she  
May be styled B.Sc.

(Domestic Economy) (Lond.).

It is not such unpractical knowledge  
That the twentieth century needs;

But little it boots  
To be learned in roots

If you cannot tell turnips from  
swedes.

Then why should a girl go to college  
To study some fusty old art?

For instance, why try  
To evaluate  $\pi$

When she might be concocting a  
tart?

Away then with classics and gram-  
mar!

Away with old algebra too!



#### THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH.

*Lady (with some hesitation).* "I—ER—WISH TO LOOK AT SOME FALSE FRINGES."

*Tactful Salesman.* "CERTAINLY, MADAM. WHAT SHADE DOES YOUR FRIEND WISH?"

For matric, let me take  
Apple-dumpling, seed-cake,  
Boiled beef and a simple *ragout*.  
When I come to my "Inter." I'll  
hammer  
At household and Viennese bread,  
And I'll toil like a horse  
At a practical course  
In airing and making a bed.

At the Final I mean to go through it  
In style, and my luck will be rough  
If before I have done  
I am not in Class I.

In sweets—special subject, plum-  
duff.

Then I hope to research in beef-suet,  
And though it may cripple my  
fund,

Still I shan't grudge the fee  
When I'm once B.Sc.  
(Domestic Economy) (Lond.).

"Americans were quiet nearly all day."—  
*The Daily Telegraph.*

The writer can't have been in town  
lately.



**JOSEPH CARTER.**

I HAD come to years of discretion before I ever heard of JOSEPH CARTER. In fact I can imagine that I—like many others—might have placidly passed the whole of my days in ignorance of his very existence had not chance willed it otherwise. It was in a moment of heat that I first had cause to know and bless his name. I had—incautiously, I will admit—stepped into the bath without first trying its temperature. I raised a parboiled foot with an agonized groan, turned on the cold water and breathed a sigh of relief. I looked gratefully at the tap that had come so quickly to my aid and read the simple inscription:—

**"Joseph Carter, Plumber."**

What modesty is expressed in those few words! Not

**"Joseph Carter,  
20—200, High Street, Kensington,  
Plumber."**

Not

**"Joseph Carter,  
England's Greatest Plumber."**

No motto such as

**"If you are wise you will go to  
Joseph Carter."**

Not even

**"Families waited on daily."**

Simply and solely

**"Joseph Carter, Plumber."**

During the day my thoughts ran much on JOSEPH. I pictured him a plain, blunt man, probably one who had raised himself from the rank of a plumber's assistant. I thought of him in his family circle on the great day, for instance, when he first rose to the height of having his name engraven on the little porcelain discs that were to adorn so many taps, and stamp them as the work of his hand. I pictured his wife's pardonable pride; how she might beg a dozen or so to use as buttons on her neat though homely gowns; how the children might play at shops with them and the baby chew them when cutting his teeth.

On entering the bathroom next morning my thoughts reverted to JOSEPH, and I hastened to read the inscription again. My eyes happened to light first on the hot-water tap—one of a more recent date than the cold—and I read the words:—

**"Joseph Carter's Improved."**

I gazed spellbound. For a moment, for the fraction of a moment, I felt bitterly disappointed in JOSEPH. Then my anger rose. In all probability he *had* improved, but why mention it himself in that blatant manner? Who would wish to begin his day thinking of the prob-

able improvement in JOSEPH CARTER? What a propensity the fellow had for monopolising one's thoughts with his insufferable conceit. Imagine the bitter amazement of a young wife who, on asking her husband at breakfast, "Is your omelette nice, dear?" might receive the darkly mysterious answer,

**"Joseph Carter has improved."**

Yet, after all, he may still be a modest man as of yore. Perhaps it is all the fault of Mrs. JOSEPH CARTER. May *she* not, as prosperity came to him, have urged him to alter his simple legend, and may not the model husband (a man with a name like that could not be other than a model husband) have answered as follows?—

"My love, far be it from me to indulge in any ostentatious display, but since *you* wish it I will in future gratefully acknowledge on my work that

**Joseph Carter has improved."**

**CLOTHES.****ARTICLE I.**

Good clothes are bought, and not made at home. Some men are soldiers, some men are sailors, and others, again, are tinkers. Fortunately there are enough men in the world to fill these three great professions and leave a few over. These few—these glorious few—are tailors. Suppose there were no tailors. Soldiers and sailors could do nothing for us, and we should be left in the hands of the tinkers. O my masters, think of the discomfort of it! Think of the rattle! Conceive yourselves buttoning up a frayed suit of tin on a cold morning, and cease to grumble maliciously of tailors, their bills, duns and overcharges.

Good fellows though they be, I have never yet met a tailor who could supply me with a linen collar. Collars, Sirs, are still worn, some to such an extent that they irritate and inflame the neck wherever they touch it. Get your tweed suit from the tailor by all means, and wear your brother's cap if you wish it, but for your collars and ties you must turn to the haberdasher. What a glorious title—Haberdasher! Is it possible that the expression "to cut a dash" is merely a shortened form of "to cut a haberdash"? Perhaps, perhaps not.

**ARTICLE II.**

So we come to ties. Let your tie be black. To the good you shall seem good; to the bad, bad; to the artistic, artistic; to the fashionable,

ultra. Besides, your black tie is the only tie that your sister will not steal. What good is there in this sister of yours? What shall we say of her? She steals your ties, she does abominable things with your razor, none of her raiment is worth confiscating, and the tie that she knits she knits for another. Young man, cease imagining that you shall get the better of this sister, but take it rather out of that Other. Smoke his cigarettes and ride his bicycle; and if he knows his business and means it he will not say a word. If he shows fight, play the Christian and befriend him. Be incessantly intimate with him; put your arm through his and keep it there with inseparable affection. After a day and an evening (especially an evening) of this treatment he will be yours to command, so that you leave him a little. Even your sister may become towards you very nearly polite.

**ARTICLE III.**

Let us put away frivolity and turn our thoughts to boots and shoes. Shoes are boots with the tops cut off. Boots are boots with the tops left on. Enough, then, of boots and shoes.

**ARTICLE IV.**

Of socks I say nothing. The part which appears above the shoe is obvious in all its merits and demerits to the public eye. Of that which is inside the shoe there is little to be seen, and that little is of a foreign substance and hue, uncomfortable to the foot and short-lived. Strange men have told me that there exist socks with whole and holeless heels; but I have never seen such and do not believe.

**ARTICLE V.**

Thus lastly we come to the stud. Though I do not know you and could never love you if I did, you have my sympathy in this. I have composed a curse horrific in style and four hundred words in length, but not fit to be printed here. This I will present to you gratis for the common hate all men bear to this loathsome creature. There is more virtue in two inches of string than in 10,000 studs, and I ever regret that fashion will not recognise this advantage.

**CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.**

One more section and we are at the end of this exhaustive and exhausting treatise. There are items of a man's clothing with which I





### THE MODERN SHOOT.

"NO, I CAN'T STICK IT ANY LONGER. I'M OFF TO-MORROW."  
 "OH, THE SHOOTIN'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S THE MANAGEMENT'S SO ROTTEN. ONE EXPECTS TO ROUGH IT A BIT—LUNCHEON WITHOUT A BAND, AND SO FORTH—BUT TO-DAY!—DRINKIN' CHAMPAGNE OUT OF CLARET GLASSES! WELL, HANG IT ALL, THERE'S A LIMIT!"

have not dealt, his stick, his beard, his umbrella and his cigar-case. Time presses, and there are others waiting to expose themselves in these pages. I can only say generally on these and kindred points omitted to be considered here:—Be regular, punctual, speaking no scandal, no, nor listening to it. Let loyalty and self-abnegation be your guiding principles, and your Mother Country shall foster you with ever-increasing pride and taxation.

The "Protectograph" is advertised as "an absolute safeguard against cheque frauds." The Bank of British West Africa writes:—

"We have thought so highly of the value of your Protectograph that we have got one for each of our branches and agencies, which we think is quite sufficient to say what we think about them."

As an opinion on its branches and agencies this is certainly enough.

We understand that a special supplement for veteran paupers will shortly be published by M.A.P. It will be Mainly About Pensions.

### THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

THE diplomatist waved his Turkish cigarette with a gesture of expostulation. "You use too crude a word! 'Expropriation,' my dear sir, 'expropriation' is the term I should myself apply to the—er—arrangement we have concluded regarding the province of Balkania."

The interviewer made a careful note of it. "And if the Balkanians themselves object to their native land being expropriated? Did not the Treaty of 1878 guarantee them their independence?"

"My dear sir," was the suave reply, "I think you are hardly using the correct diplomatic term in speaking of a 'treaty.' 'Semi-provisional arrangement' would perhaps express it less abruptly."

"It is stated that the Balkanians are calling out their reserves and hurrying them to the frontier. What do you intend to do—fight them?"

The diplomatist shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "Oh, no, we should not 'fight them.' Possibly it will be necessary to bring

diplomatic pressure to bear on the frontier, and of course, if they were inclined to resist a peaceful settlement of the question, we should hardly be prepared to view the matter with indifference, but 'fight them,' my dear sir, no! We should merely press for a peaceful recognition of our rights."

"And after Balkania, what will be the next 'expropriation'?"

"Who can foresee? These things lie on the knees of the gods. Readjustments of territory are always liable to deflect the balance of power in any given region . . ."

"WAR DECLARED!" shouted a newsboy in the street below.

"Tut, tut!" said the diplomatist. "How coarsely expressed!"

Advice by *The Lady* to another ("Goo-goo") who is just going out to India to be married:

"Certainly kiss your fiancé when he meets you on arrival. I think you would be very hard-hearted if you did not."

What an agonising voyage it would have been for the poor girl with this knotty point unsettled.



*The New Curate (inquiring for parishioner). "PARDON ME, IS THIS NO. 15?"  
Lady of the House, "LO! BLESS YOU, NO, SIR! THIS IS ONLY MY SIXTH!"*

#### EDITORIAL CHANGES. CONVINCING GUARANTEES.

THE proprietors of *The New Age* have issued a statement to the effect that they have much pleasure in announcing that in future the editorship of that journal will be in the joint hands of Mr. A. R. ORAGE and Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P. "The association of Mr. GRAYSON with the political editorship of *The New Age*," so the official communiqué continues, "is an additional guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted on the same fearless and independent lines as have made its name respected by all classes of the community."

We are delighted to be able to supplement this gratifying and convincing statement with the announcement of a number of changes impending in the control of other journals.

Thus, it is semi-officially stated that henceforth the editorship of *The Spectator* will be in the joint hands of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON and Mr. LEO MAXSE. The association of Mr. LEO MAXSE in the political

editorship of *The Spectator* is an absolute guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted with the same sobriety of utterance, affection for animals, and loyalty to the principles of Cobdenism which have commended this journal to the thinking classes of the community.

It gives us intense pleasure to be able to announce that on and after November 1st the editorship of *The National Review* will be in the capable hands of Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY and Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P. The co-operation of Mr. ROBERTSON, M.P., is an additional guarantee, if any were required, that the review will in the future be conducted with the same burning zeal for Imperial interests and the maintenance, in our naval defences, of the four-Power standard which characterised it under its previous editor.

We have good reason to believe that on New Year's Day Sir ERNEST CASSEL will assume the post of editor of *The Star*. Sir ERNEST's assumption of the reins of office in Stonecutter Street is equivalent to saying that the paper will continue to expose the horrible iniquities of

plutocracy with the same fearless candour which has won for it the affection of the unemployed in the past.

Great satisfaction has been caused in the City by the welcome announcement that *The Economist* will pass, on the 1st of April, under the complete editorial control of Lord ROSSLYN. The name of this incomparable nobleman makes it as clear as mud that from that date the paper will lend the same sagacious support to sound finance as marked the editorship of the late Mr. WALTER BAGEHOT.

Sir A. K. ROLLIT, as reported in *The Birmingham Express*:-

"It was said of Rome that Augustus found a brick and left it an empire."

Or "threw it at an umpire"? That would make more sense, but anyhow we are afraid Sir ALBERT has got the story wrong.

"The new hotel on Mount Vesuvius is now open. First-class health resort for nervous complaints. Steam heating."

We can well believe about the steam heating.



**"HE PUT IN HIS THUMB."**

SHADE OF PRINCE BISMARCK (to little FRANZ-JOSEF HORNER). "HULLO, MY BOY! BREAKING THE PIE-CRUST I HELPED TO BAKE? WELL, WELL; AFTER ALL, THEY'RE MADE TO BE BROKEN, AND I'VE DONE A BIT IN THAT WAY MYSELF."

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## BURIED GENIUS.

## THE UNEARTHING OF PRODIGIES.

A WRITER in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* has recently dwelt on the remarkable number of dramatic discoveries of musical genius which have lent a peculiar lustre to the last decade. This is a democratic age, and the maxim *la carrière ouverte aux talents* has never been more signally illustrated than in the rapid leaps from obscurity to fame made by barbers, maids-of-all-work, bakers' assistants and tram-conductors. We have only one fault to find with our esteemed contemporary. It has not nearly exhausted the subject, and we propose to add to its list a few more well-authenticated instances of the romance of musical lion-hunting.

Among the singers who are expected shortly to stagger humanity with their vocal gifts a foremost place must be assigned to Mr. ROLAND SLAGG, the Chowbent sausage-skin manufacturer, and the owner of an organ such as is the dower of very few men in hundreds of centuries. Yet only ten short weeks ago Mr. SLAGG was innocent of his Pactolian prospects. It chanced, however, one day that Lady DELICIA BURBLE attended a small concert in Chowbent at which Mr. SLAGG was billed to sing and did sing. The gorgeous opulence of his very first phrase petrified Lady DELICIA with wonder and delight. In her own racy phrase—for Lady DELICIA hails from Pittsburg—"I was simply plum tucked out." With her to hear was to act, and promptly indemnifying his employers she swept him off next day in her motor car to London, when the verdict of Signor MEZZAGOLA more than confirmed her favourable diagnosis. As the famous expert tersely expressed it, "His voice is one in a million, and there is a million in his voice." Mr. SLAGG, or Signor POTONIO, as he prefers to be called with a graceful reference to his original calling, has now commenced a course of training which will one day enthrone him high amid the kings of song.

Two years ago three Mexican millionairesses were passing a green-grocer's shop in Cricklethorpe, when their steps were arrested by a voice of extraordinary fruitiness. They entered the shop, and interviewed the unconscious nightingale, in whom they discovered a budding ALBANI. Thanks to the munificence of her discoverers she was despatched to Milan to study for the operatic stage, and has already made such astounding



Highly nervous and somewhat irascible Elderly Gentleman (getting into his waders). "Hi! CONFOUND! THERE'S SOMETHING SOFT IN THE FOOT OF THIS!"

Gillie. "IT'LL BE MA LUNCH. I JIST PIT IT THERE AT THE LODGE, THAT THE CAT WADNA BE GETTIN' IT!"

progress that it is dangerous to mention her name—Miss GWALIA IDRIS—in the presence of Mme. TETRAZZINI.

Not less miraculous are the stories credibly narrated of several of the violin and piano prodigies who have recently swum into our ken.

Less than ten years ago Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER was a wine merchant at Tiflis, with an income of not more than £7,000 or £8,000 a year. Captured by Georgian bandits, and carried off to their lair on the lower slopes of Mount Ararat, he was held to ransom for six months, during which time he was forced night and day to make music for his gaolers on a captive grand piano. Before that time he did not know a note of music. But the latent talent brought to light during his incarceration developed with such astonishing rapidity that on his release he at once resigned commerce for art, and now earns an income of £25,000 a year.

"A beautiful Indian summer day has this been—a strong sun, a cool breeze, a blue sky, and black-coated ministers warm under wide-awakes and with heavy clothing, wishing they had not fancied when they came north that Yorkshire dales must be cold and rainy."—*British Weekly*.

Many thanks. We had always admired an Indian summer day, but never knew that it meant all this.

"Required, respectable, steady man for private milk walk with pony, look after toy dogs, pump, and fill up time in garden. Church of England."—*Church Times*.

Of course it would never do for the pony to take his private milk walk with a Nonconformist, but a certain latitude might be allowed to the man when he was merely filling up time in the garden.

From a second-hand bookseller's catalogue:—

"FACETIE. A Hundred Merry Tales: the Earliest English Jest-Book. 125 copies only issued; this copy No. 137.

Quite the right spirit.

## IN ITS 55TH THOUSAND.

Few things are more interesting than the genesis of successful books. It is not so much the writing of the book as the thinking of the idea that is the difficulty. A good idea is everything. Take my popular work on packing and mnemonics, for example (now in its fifty-fifth thousand). Anyone could have written it; but who had thought of it all these years since packing first began—since, in fact, NOAH prepared for his voyage in the Ark? It was left for me.

The whole thing (it brings me in a steady £200 a year) grew from a mislaid strop.

Three or four times I had found myself in strange houses or hotels without my strop. I therefore invented a private system, proof against even Sir HIRAM MAXIM, for preventing any such misfortune in the future.

Like this. First I sat down and wrote on a piece of paper the names of everything that one can want on a week-end visit anywhere, particularly strops. I did it alphabetically. Then I showed it to various people, who made suggestions. Then I looked through all my wardrobe and the chest-of-drawers and shelves and cupboards to see if anything was omitted.

It began like this:—

Boots.  
Brushes (Hair).  
do (Clothes).  
do (Hat).  
Is the Strop in?  
Coats.  
Cold Cream.  
Collars.  
Don't forget the Strop.

Then I procured a large sheet of cardboard and printed the list legibly on it and hung it up in my room. After each item was a row of squares, in one of which I put a tick as the article was placed in the bag. In this way, after several hours' exhaustive work, I got my strop in, so to speak, for evermore.

There I left the matter so far as I was concerned; but a friend of mine who earns a precarious living by reading MSS. for publishers and recommending projects to them, saw my list and was in an ecstasy.

"My dear old fellow," he said, "there's a gold mine in that. Make a book of it. Give it a crisp title, such as *Have I Left Anything Out?* and there you are."

"But it's too small," I said. "There's not enough to make more than a few pages."

"Then pad," he said. "Everyone does that. Specialise. Not only give a list for yourself for week-ends, but give a list for all kinds of other travellers. An Arctic explorer, for example. Give a list for him. A big-game hunter; a candidate paying his first visit to his new constituency; a competitor in a Marathon race; a bishop on a visitation; a society actress who is to stay in a country house for three days—(but that will want a separate volume); a *fiancé's* first dine-and-sleep at his lady's parental home. Cover the whole ground."

I did so; and now no wise person stirs from the house without first consulting the pages of *Have I Left Anything Out?*

## INDIAN UNREST.

*A Madrasli has applied for an official post as follows:*

MOST HONORED SIR,—Understanding there are several hands wanted in your Honor's Department, I beg to offer my hand as to adjustment. I appeared for the matriculation examination, but failed, the reason for which I shall describe to begin with. My writing was illegible: this was due to climatic reason, for having come from a warm to a cold climate found my fingers stiff, and very disobedient to my wishes. Further, I had received great shock to my mental system in the shape of death of my only fond brother; besides, most Honored Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances, being the soul support of my fond brother's seven issues, consisting of three adults, and four adultresses, the latter being bairn of my existence, owing to my having to support my own two wives, as well as their issues, of which by God's misfortune the feminine gender predominates.

If these humble lines meet with your benign kindness and favorable turn of mind, I, the poor menial, shall pray for the long life and prosperity of yourself, as well as your Honour's posthumous olive branches.

## Tariff Reform Means England for the English.

"In the course of an action heard against a Barnsbury pianoforte maker, the defendant said he had not done a single stroke of work in the factory since January—this through so-called Free Trade. For nineteen years he had been able to pay 2s. in the pound until the foreigner stepped in and crippled him."—*The Evening News*.

It only remains to add (though *The Evening News* takes care not to mention it) that this victim of Free Trade bore the good old English name of Steinmetz.

## DOMESTIC QUERIES.

*Can I keep stout in a hot pantry?*—LORNA.

This ought to be easy enough as long as there is plenty of food in the pantry. The loss of flesh due to the excessive heat will be trifling, especially if all forms of violent exercise are eschewed.

*How can I make a cheap wooden cycle stand?*—HANDYMAN.

In these days of steel this question reads rather curiously! However, "Handyman" will find that even a cheap wooden bicycle will stand all by itself if he leans it carefully up against a wall.

*How can I tell a bad egg?*—WIFIE.

Poor little "Wife"! This is a horrid thing to have to do and you have my sincere sympathy. If you really feel you must tell it, do not be abrupt; break it gently.

*Is there anything I can use instead of white of egg when preparing fish for frying?*—BROWN MOUSE.

I'm afraid I have no room in this column to print all the things you could use as an alternative. Would you care to try turps, black-currant jelly, brown-boot polish, oil of cloves, or camphorated chalk? It is, you see, all a question of taste.

*How can I make a trifle?*—WORRIED.

I believe there is still an opening for clever needlewomen, but I must warn "Worried" against advertisements like "Home Employment (Either Sex), 2s. 3d. Weekly Guaranteed." Addressing envelopes at 3d. per 2,000 is dull work at the best.

*Is it possible to cure one's own bacon?*—ECONOMY.

It is difficult to answer this question as you give no particulars of the disease. My advice to you is to consult a medical man at once.

*What can I do with a bottle of wine which is "corked"?*—NOS-PLUSED.

Much the best plan is to uncork it. For this purpose procure a cork-screw, hold the bottle firmly with the left hand between the knees, insert the cork-screw with a twisting motion from right to left, and draw out the cork. The wine can then be drunk in the usual way.

## Latest Fashions.

"The autumn hats that I have seen so far are worn on the head."—*The Sketch*.



**UNRECORDED HISTORY.**

IF BULGARIA, WHY NOT UPPER TOOTING?

[The Proclamation of the Independence of this interesting if sequestered district was the occasion of wild scenes of enthusiasm. Further accessions are recorded on p. 287.]



## BEL-AMI.

I DON'T think I quite like an "Extravaganza" to end with a suicide. Death is never a really good joke; and if you take it seriously (as you might be inclined to take your own), it is apt to jar with the general gaiety of things. In *Bellamy the Magnificent*, however, you cannot take it seriously, if you try, because it is obviously thrown in just for joy, without any other sort of warrant for it.

Here are the facts. Lord Bellamy, ancient squire of dames, has an intrigue with a milliner. He is not aware that she happens to be the wife of his valet, who is worth more to him than any dozen women. The valet discovers the facts, and in revenge he deals his master the deadliest blow he can think of: he gives him a month's notice. Anxious to get him to reconsider this frightful threat, Lord Bellamy allows a private detective to insert (so I gathered) some of her ladyship's jewels in the valet's bag and charge him with the theft of them. In retaliation the valet cooks a pack of cards, inserts the king of clubs up his master's sleeve while he is being dressed, and by aid of an anonymous letter gets him openly convicted of cheating before a houseful of guests in his own country place.

To Bellamy's request that confession should be made of the trick played on him, the valet gives a smiling refusal. Nothing would have been easier than to arrange for the private detective (a guest in the house) to overhear this conversation, or anyhow invent a confession. But Bellamy prefers not to disappoint the house-party, who are waiting behind their bedroom doors for a tragic solution; and so he goes and shoots himself "off." What annoyed me most was his final request to the servant to announce that his master had died like a gentleman. Of course he really didn't die, any more than he had lived, like a gentleman. If you waive his numerous infidelities, there still remains the ugly fact of his connivance in the false charge of theft against his valet. This was not exactly the conduct of a gentleman. And his suicide, by which he wantonly and deliberately leaves his family under a permanent stigma, was frankly the act of a cad.

I do dislike being told of a character on the stage, on his own authority or that of his fellow-characters, that he is something which my naked eye assures me he is not. Thus, again, Mr. Spottit, the private detective, was described by a grown-up member of the aristocracy as being "ripping good form," and had his charms held up to constant admiration; yet his manners were transparently those of a bounder.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, though he might have made a more perfect *beau* of himself, was otherwise admirably suited with his part. Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE, in the part of the valet, was asked to do some difficult melodramatic feats in an atmosphere charged with cynical humour, and it is small blame to him if they made him (and the audience) feel a little uncomfortable. In his smoother passages he maintained a really excellent demetnour. Miss FORTESCUE, as *Lady Bellamy*, showed a pleasantly restrained sense of fun; and Miss KATE CUTLER was delightful as the



Stephens (Mr. Robert Lorraine) removes a speck of dust from the coat of his master, Lord Bellamy (Sir Charles Wyndham), thus perfecting the contrast between his lordship's physical immaculacy and moral depravity.

erring milliner. Finally Miss SARAH BROOKE, as Mrs. Challoner, another of Bellamy's flames, spoke her words and wore her dresses in a very workmanlike way.

The author's humour, if it did not always contrive to spread itself over the scenes that were laid out for it, has a charm beyond the common. It did not so much scintillate in detached epigrams; rather it diffused itself naturally over the dialogue. There was one very attractive touch that totally escaped notice. "Women," said Mrs. Challoner, who had just made herself ridiculous through lending a hand in someone else's plot, "women should never look beyond their own noses."

"A charming limitation," replied Bellamy.

I welcome Mr. ROY HORNIMAN's accession to the select body of playwrights

who have something fresh to say. Perhaps in this play he tries to do too many things at once, and I have already hinted that the tragic conclusion is on a false note. True, it may be traceable to an heroic endeavour to avoid convention; but I think that, if he had had the perfect courage of his cynicism, he would have chosen a happy ending.

By the way, if Mr. HORNIMAN will look out the word "lurid" in the dictionary he will find that it means "ghastly pale, wan, gloomy," and will see that a scarlet geranium is therefore not the most appropriate emblem of a "lurid" past. O. S.

*The Last Heir*, presented by Mr. MARTIN HARVEY at the Adelphi, is an adaptation by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. I have not seen any other acting version of SCOTT's novel, but Mr. PHILLIPS seems to me to have dramatised his book in the only possible way; which is to say that he has done it well. He has, however, put three ideas of his own into it, and for these he may be criticised. First, when Sir William Ashton and Lucy are storm-bound and spend the night at Wolf's Crag, Caleb Balderstone (who evidently had never read *The Bride of Lammermoor*) incites the Master to murder them. Secondly, three witches come in on every possible and impossible occasion, and utter dark prophecies of what is going to happen in the next Act. Thirdly, Captain Craigenfelt is given a fat low-comedy part, which rightly belonged to Caleb. Now, I do not hold *Lammermoor* so sacred that I should object to any sub-editing which Mr. PHILLIPS thought necessary; and I admit gladly that Craigenfelt's promotion was sound stagecraft. But Ravenswood's meditated treachery was an incredible business, and the forced appearances of the three witches were certainly not justified by Mr. PHILLIPS's evident desire to impress us with the inevitability of Fate.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY isn't quite my idea of the Master, for I could conceive a more spirited figure, but he played finely nevertheless. Some of his mannerisms surprised me at first; there is one which would have suited better a play entitled *The Last Hair*. Miss DE SILVA adopted a high monotone for most of her speeches which depressed me a good deal. Much of the other acting was quite good, particularly that of Mr. CREMLIN as Caleb; but his "Maister, Maister" got on my nerves towards the end. M.



### THE BABY AND THE BACHELOR.

A CONTEMPORARY tells of an un-kissed baby, whose parents enforce on visitors to their house the following rules among others:—

Don't kiss the baby.

Don't handle baby unless your hands are very, very clean.

Don't bring baby's face close to your own or to your hair.

We do not like to accuse this worthy young Bradford couple of perverting another person's ideas, but it is a very curious thing that we were about to publish and put on the market a handy little card for the use of bachelors. It was to be something like a cabdriver's number plate, easily slipped within the coat or waistcoat, and attached by a cord to the button. It was intended for display on entering any house with a baby in it, and among its injunctions were the following:—

Don't ask me to kiss the baby.

Don't ask me to talk to the baby, in any known or unknown language.

Don't ask me who it is that the baby most resembles.

Don't talk to me about the intelligence and cleverness of the baby.

Don't ask me to hold the baby just to see what I look like.

Don't bring the baby any nearer to me than the top of the stairs.

Don't object to my calling the baby "it." I didn't know he was a girl.

### MORE SECESSIONS.

COUPS D'ÉTAT IN CORSICA, BALEARIC ISLES, CYPRUS, AND ICELAND.

ISLE OF MAN PROCLAIMS INDEPENDENCE.

AJACCIO, *Monday.*

The Minister of Foreign Affairs received at 5.30 last night news of the annexation of Corsica by Italy. To-day the Italian flag is flying in all the principal streets, and the people are firing revolvers into the air to express their joy. Perfect order is being maintained, and late at night the crowd assembled in front of the British Consulate and gave three cheers for Great Britain in token of their gratitude for the position that country has taken up during the crisis.

MAJORCA, *Tuesday.*

All is quiet here. Annexation went off very peacefully. Shereefian flag flying at Palma on all important buildings. Popular manifestation at the British Embassy last night as result of Great Britain's attitude during the crisis.



Customer. "WHAT IS THE PRICE OF THE DUCK?"

Little Girl. "PLEASE, MUM, IT'S THREE SHILLINGS. BUT MOTHER SAYS, IF YOU GRUMBLE, IT'S TWO-AND-SIX!"

CYPRUS, *Wednesday.*

Excitement and expectation here reached fever heat yesterday. Annexation by the Phœnicians hourly expected. Great satisfaction is being expressed at the attitude Great Britain is assuming, and perfect order prevails.

REYKJAVIK, *Thursday.*

The people of Iceland, while outwardly cool, are determined that nothing will induce them to tolerate the suzerainty of Greenland. Troops are massing on the frontier, and geysers are hurriedly being got ready. The Islanders are much touched at the sympathy of Great Britain.

DOUGLAS, *Friday.*

The Declaration of Independence made by the Isle of Man is looked upon as a natural sequence to the events of the last few days. The rumour that troops are massing at Greeba Castle is quite unfounded. The roads are merely being patrolled by four-inch gunners.

SARK, *Saturday.*

Despite all rumours to the contrary, it is now certain that Sark will remain an integral portion of the British Empire. Independence is not desired by the people, and the idea of a French occupation is abhorrent to the majority of the islanders. There are no troops being massed on the frontier, and perfect order prevails.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ELLEN TERRY was not actually born in a theatre, but her father and mother were strolling players, and when the babies born to them were too small to be left alone in lodgings, they were wrapped up in a shawl and put to sleep in their mother's dressing-room at the theatre. The great actress obtained her first view of an audience from the vantage-ground of the property mustard pot. A *Spirit of the Mustard Pot* was wanted in a pantomime in Glasgow, and little ELLEN, whose yellow hair made her seem born for the part, had it assigned to her. Reviewing a long career spent for the most part in the glare of the footlights, ELLEN TERRY is as simply herself as she is in her best parts on the stage. The book is, in its main characteristics, vivacious, tender, humorous, occasionally tearful. There is not throughout a shade of that jealousy alleged to be prevalent in the profession she adorns. She has a kind word to say for everyone, its value increased by its discrimination. The keenest, most searching, and most original criticism ever written of HENRY IRVING will be found in the pages of *The Story of My Life* (HUTCHINSON). The ordinary critic sits in the stalls and watches the player from the outside, as it were. ELLEN TERRY, analysing the acting of several great actors and actresses, regards them from the level of the stage, watching them with the eyes of an expert. A book of rare interest, which has the charm of the spontaneous talk of a wise and witty woman, is enriched by many photographs, showing the authoress and her contemporaries in divers characters assumed at various stages of their career.

*Arthur's* (LANE) is not the famous old club in St. James's Street, S.W., but is situated somewhere between Kennington and Brixton—where the bricks and mortar go to. It is called by the name of its proprietor; there is no entrance-fee and no subscription; and ladies are admitted, with or without male escort, at all hours of the night. Also soldiers, sailors, draymen, printers, tramps and journalists—in fact, anyone and everyone whose work or pleasure takes him abroad at night, and therefore induces in him a desire to drink coffee and eat Swiss roll at three o'clock in the morning. Personally, I have always fought shy of coffee-stalls, though once, in the days of old-fashioned winters, I was driven by the frost to eat a hot potato off a barrow on Addison Road bridge, and twice, after closing time at my club, I have consumed thick rashers of bacon and scalding tea in a cabman's shelter near Hyde Park Corner. Happily, Mr. A. NEIL LYONS is made of sterner stuff. Night after night he has eaten and drunk with the night-wanderers of the pavement on his way home from Fleet Street, and has learnt to understand the pathos

and the tragedy and the humour of their lives. Sometimes I seem to detect in his history of *Arthur's* the artificiality which is apt to dog the steps of the journalist in search of copy. But in the main—and especially when he is writing of the mother-feeling and the sense of modesty which perhaps never quite desert the breasts of those unhappy women whose very womanliness and beauty have been often their curse—he seems to get right at the heart of things; and I confess to a real admiration for this philosopher of the coffee-stall.

I am without sixteen pages of *Maurice Guest* (HEINEMANN), owing to an error in binding, but have a duplicate copy of pp. 145-160, so that, if there is any other collector in a complementary position, we might exchange. As, however, the full allowance is 562 pages, and closely printed at that, the part which I got was sufficient to enable me to gather the drift of the plot and to discover that it is by no means a pleasant one. I take it that this is HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON's first novel, and, though he is both eloquent and earnest, and has a power of describing gusts of emotion and passionate crises with a vividness that belongs properly to the Russian school, I do wish he could have told us more about the nice people (there are several in the story) and less about the utterly bad. *Maurice Guest* goes out to Leipzig with the intention of carving out a career for himself as a musician, but instead of performing this operation he becomes hopelessly infatuated with the cast-off stress of *Schilsky*, a violinist whose genius entirely fails to condone a multitude of most abominable faults. But *Louise* is not much better, and her neurotic aberrations begin to pall on the reader long before the end comes, when

*Maurice*, having seen her return to her former lover, blows out his own brains. Musicians, of course, are supposed to be "bundles of nerves," and a little careless about the moral code; but the treatment of certain incidents in this book makes me think that gaps of sixteen pages or so might with great advantage have been strewn more thickly over it.

I am exceedingly sorry for Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, and truly his case is hard. Several years ago he wrote a book about the Near East, called *Said the Fisherman*, and it was hailed by the select few as a work of genius, as I also think it. But, mark, he has been writing books steadily ever since, only to be greeted each time with the comment, "Oh, yes, very good, but by no means another *Said*." I won't say it again; I will merely say that I have enjoyed his latest, *The Children of the Nile* (MURRAY), but I don't consider it so good as one of his earlier works. The moral is that when an author begins his work with a superlative effort he should lock it up until he is old and tired and then publish it. To put it forth first is merely to provide a cruel world with a weapon against himself.



GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.